



Restorations.  
2 glass eyes.  
3 new feet.  
1 tail.  
2 sets teeth.

No Repairs.

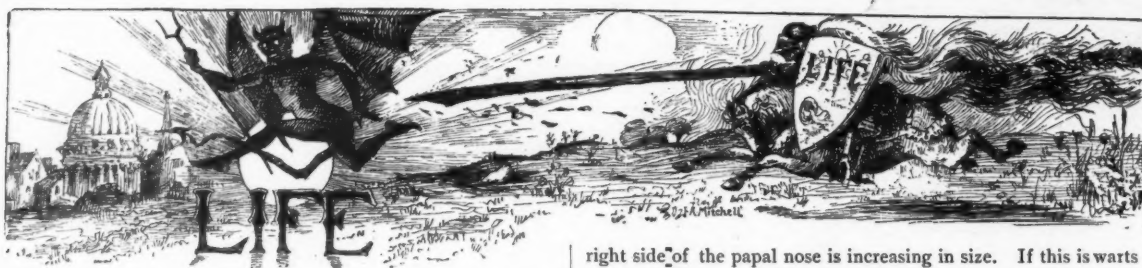


AFTER ALL, WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

IF THIS OLD LADY THINKS HIM CHEAP AT THE PRICE, AND IS HAPPY IN HIS COMPANY,  
WHY NOT LET HER ENJOY HIM IN PEACE?

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VOL. III. JANUARY 31ST, 1884. NO. 57.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE following intelligence was cabled to our esteemed contemporary, the *World*, at enormous expense, and published Jan. 25th:

#### WILLIAM III.

BERLIN, Jan. 24.—The emperor William is suffering from a cold in his head, in consequence of which the opera ball at which His Majesty intended to be present to-night has been postponed. Emperor William's hoarseness has abated.

Not to be considered lacking in enterprise, LIFE has secured the following reports through special facilities granted by the Eastern Union Telegraph Co.:

#### S. S. COX.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26th.—The Hon. Sunset Cox, who has been suffering for some time from free trade paralysis, complicated with political debility, was able to sit up to-night and take his medicine.

#### BENJAMIN WATTERSON.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 26th.—The consultation of physicians to-day resulted in the discovery that Mr. Watterson is suffering from Bourbon pyæmia. Fatal symptoms of enlargement of self-esteem have been present for some time, and his Presidential glands were found to be completely atrophied.

#### MR. HOLMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 26th.—Mr. Holman has not yet recovered from the congestive chill resulting from his having incautiously looked at the picture of himself in the *New York Sun*.

#### KING THEEBAW.

BURMAH, Jan. 26th.—It was reported that His Majesty had toothache. The rumor has been officially denied.

#### POPE LEO XIII.

ROME, Jan. 26th.—Ecclesiastical circles have been much moved of late over the painful rumor that the infallible wart on the

right side of the papal nose is increasing in size. If this is warts truly the matter, the German difficulty will be seriously complicated.

LATER.—It is true.

#### SECRETARY CHANDLER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26th.—The friends of Secretary Chandler were much alarmed this evening at the report that he had suffered another attack of dizziness, weakness of the lower limbs, confusion of ideas, and disposition to introduce distinguished persons. The last attack, it will be remembered, occurred on the night of the Arnold lecture. Mr. Chandler has already been violently put to bed and is now in a semi-comatose condition, breathing heavily through his nose. Dr. Bliss has prescribed *spiritus vini gallici*, combined with Seltzer, to be given him as soon as he becomes conscious, followed by a couple of hairs of the same dog. There is hope.

#### GENERAL HANCOCK.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 26th.—General Hancock, a good man, was weighed here to-day. He tipped the beam at 251 lbs. This satisfactorily nails a lie.

#### KING ALFONSO.

MADRID, Jan. 26th.—King Alfonso dined heartily with the German Ambassador this evening. The courses consisted of sauerkraut, dobe, Berlin sausage, kirschwasser, pretzels, bock beer, Limburger bucks, Sweitzerkase, Kartoffel salad, and Johannisberger. The Court physicians fear that his Majesty will have a headache in the morning. Telegrams have been received from all the crowned heads, inquiring into his Majesty's condition.

THE annual upheaval at Yale is now taking place. The *Yale Literary Magazine*, a powerful journal devoted to foot-ball, amateur poetry and other colossal interests, is as usual the bone of contention. Its editorial corps is as imposing a body as the Congress of Powers. There is the Board of Senior Editors, the Board of Junior Editors and the Board of Intermediate and Sub-junior Editors; then there are four Editors-in-chief, seven Managing Editors, nineteen Associate Editors; one hundred and forty-six Assistant Associate Editors; twenty News Editors, nine Art Editors, a Base-ball Editor with nine Assistants—Editors of course; sixteen Foot-Ball Editors and seven hundred and thirty Assorted Editors in charge of other departments of the great organ of Yale. It can naturally be seen therefore that the annual election of these important officers is an affair not only affecting Yale, but the entire civilized world, and the outcome of the present complication must necessarily be watched with interest.



CRUEL.

*Effie (to Mrs. Belweather, who has just been speaking of Mr. B.):* WHY, MRS. BELWEATHER, I THOUGHT YOU HADN'T ANY HUSBAND!

*Mrs. B.:* WHY, OF COURSE I HAVE, EFFIE. DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DO N'T KNOW MR. BELWEATHER?

*Effie:* YES, BUT I DID N'T SUPPOSE HE WAS YOUR HUSBAND. I THOUGHT YOU HADN'T ANY. PAPA SAID YOU MARRIED FOR MONEY, AND THAT WAS ALL YOU GOT.

ANGÈLE.

"A DAUGHTER of the gods!" you say;  
Gods strong in youth and fire were they;  
Instinct with grace to stir the blood  
And deathless surely, since they could  
Transmit to us of later days  
The beauty of *La Bordelaise*.

Clear-blooded, supple-limbed and straight,  
Robust and *riante* and elate;  
Like some fresh breath of strong sea-air,  
Like some rose tropic-warm and rare,  
Exalts the sense, enthalls the gaze,  
The beauty of *La Bordelaise*.

Through glad Thessalian olive groves  
A Dryad, as I fancy, roves;  
I seem to see a Mænad dance  
Upon the sea-washed cliffs of France,  
And dream-born homage bids me raise  
A pæan to *La Bordelaise*.

Too feeble is our Saxon speech;  
The grand Greek words with force could reach  
All hearts of such as worship well.  
"Βούτις πόρνια Ἥρα" fell  
On ears that would not hear dispraise  
Of queens like *La Belle Bordelaise*!

JOHN MORAN.



## FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE VIII.—*Injuries caused by electricity.*

I. INJURIES caused by electricity were formerly confined to cases where persons were struck by lightning.

2. They are now made numerous by the frequency with which absent-minded people shake hands with dynamos or grasp the wires of electric lights.

3. Lightning occasionally strikes a man "below the belt." It is useless, however, to appeal to the "Marquis of Queensbury Rules" in such a case.

4. If "Jersey lightning" strikes a man, he generally suffers partial paralysis of his lower limbs.

5. Should two electric-light wires lie exposed on the sidewalk, never attempt to put out the light by stepping on them.

6. In case a man should climb an electric-light pole and seize one carbon in each hand, he would be subjected to the action of the electric currents. These are almost as fatal in their effect as green currants.

7. According to Sunday-school literature, four-fifths of the people who are killed by lightning are struck while out gunning on Sunday.

8. When hunting on the Sabbath, always use a bow and arrow or a lasso, so as to avoid attracting the electric fluid.

9. When a man is struck by lightning he is usually exceedingly shocked at its behavior. H. L. S.



## A CO-OPERATIVE NURSERY.

SOME books are epoch-making, and perhaps Mrs. Melusina Fay Peirce's little volume on "Co-operative House-keeping" may some day claim at least an epoch-let for itself. Potentially it is a great work, as we shall show. The possibilities of the theory here advanced are wonderful. Mrs. Peirce's scheme only embraces a co-operative store, bakery, sewing-room and laundry—the result of which is to be "that promised woman, clothed with the sun of her own achievements, crowned with the stars of her own fascinations." If the scheme as here set forth is to make such a wonderful change in the female wardrobe, and reduce all expenses for satin dresses and head-gear to the minimum, what amelioration of woman-kind, and indirectly mankind, may not be anticipated when Co-operative Housekeeping is pushed into other equally legitimate and useful fields? Imagination staggers in contemplation of the economical and social reform which would result from a CO-OPERATIVE NURSERY. Yet we hope to convince the most sceptical that such a scheme is practical and eminently desirable.

By co-operation, one nurse-girl is to be made to do the work of twelve, and twelve indulgent but impecunious fathers will each week put eleven-twelfths of a

nurse's wages into the bank for a rainy day, and in after years will credit LIFE with having laid the foundation of their fortunes. The equipments for a Co-operative Nursery should be simple and yet ingenious. The first stock in trade must be twelve regulation babies, of assorted sizes and ages. The nursery may be any large, well-ventilated room in the neighborhood of the proprietors of the above mentioned stock in trade. The expense for rent will be lessened if one of the rooms in the building devoted to the co-operative store, laundry, etc., is used. It will be impossible to more than suggest the appliances with which this room should be fitted out, but LIFE is prepared to furnish designs giving details.

First in importance is the combined infant's chair, crib, toy-holder, and milk-bottle, with paregoric and spanking attachment. Twelve of these admirable chairs are arranged on the circumference of a large wheel, revolving in a parallel plane with the floor. The nurse sits at one side of the room and by turning a delicately-adjusted crank can bring the chair of any infant around to her position. If the rosy-cheeked darling is sleepy it is only necessary to pull a lever to convert the chair into a comfortable crib, the same motion closing the toy-table and changing it into a pillow. The co-operative milk-bottle hangs supported from the ceiling in the centre of the circle of infants, after the manner of the lump of sugar at Washington Irving's Dutch tea-parties. One dozen rubber tubes, acting on the siphon principle, dangle just out of reach of the omnivorous babies. The nurse, by a system of pulleys, is able to swing any tube into place, ready for action, or she can apply the cut-off with equal facility.

The paregoric bottle is an annex to the milk bottle, but it is only provided with one siphon, and it is necessary to wheel the afflicted infant into position by the crank above mentioned. An automatic attachment regulates the size of the dose in accordance with the intensity of the baby's yells.

But the gem of the invention is the Spanker. The art by which Nature is here so closely imitated will command the admiration of all mothers. A broad-soled slipper delicately adjusted to an arm-like lever lies harmlessly upon the floor, near the circumference of the revolving wheel. Suddenly No. 6 indulges in unseemly rage and refuses to succumb to paregoric or milk. The placid nurse turns the crank and No. 6's chair is wheeled into close proximity to the slipper; she touches an electric button and the roaring infant takes position; button No. 2 is touched; the slipper quickly rises from the floor and executes its mission; then there is peace and silence for the space of half an hour.

Space will not permit a description of the Lullaby Calliope, driven by steam from the laundry; the co-operative baby-carriage forever perambulating on the roof; the lightning bath-tub, or rather sponge-tub, through which the infant is shot head first, emerging at the other end clean and dry, with its hair combed and a smile upon its shiny face.

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## AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.,

13 & 15 VANDEWATER ST., NEW YORK.  
Make Type Metal Plates for illustrating Catalogs, Books, Papers, etc. [From Drawings in Pen and Ink, Pencil or Crayon, Wood or Steel Engravings, Lithographs and Photographs] same size, reduced or enlarged. See Illustrations of this Paper.

## BILLIARDS.

The Collender Billiard and Pool Tables



Have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

The H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,

768 Broadway, New York. 241 Tremont St., Boston.  
115 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 113 S. 9th St., Philadelphia.  
84 and 86 State St., Chicago. 367 W. Baltimore St. Baltimore.

# MURRAY CHARCOAL TABLETS

## MURRAY CHARCOAL TABLETS

Cure for Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, all Bilious and Gastric Affections of the Stomach, Weakness, Toothache, etc. Chemically prepared from young shoots of the willow, guaranteed to be perfectly pure. Price only 25 cts. per box sent by mail.

STREAN'S PHARMACY, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York

ELLA WHEELER is getting more advertising done for her by the newspapers than ever Lydia Pinkham did. And she gets it for nothing, while the latter always paid well. But Ella is red-headed, which may account for the apparent willing generosity of the editors.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"At our meeting to-night, why can't we get up something new—something, I don't care what, so long as it is n't music?" "A good idea, Banger!" cried Fogg; "a splendid idea. We have had a little too much music, as you say, and it is time we had something new. Suppose you sing for us, Banger."—*Boston Transcript*.

"WHY, how do you do?" exclaimed a gossiping lady to Mr. and Mrs. Rattler, as they paused on the church steps; "do you know that Miss Highsee, our soprano, is going to marry our first bass." "What ball club does he belong to?" innocently queried Rattler. The ladies continued the conversation without his assistance.—*Boston Courier*.

A COUNTRY clergyman who recently preached in an Austin church was an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the Bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus you see, my brethren, as the Scriptures say: 'Barkis is willin', but the flesh is weak.'"  
—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

If I were a Lumti-tum-lum-titum-too  
In the land of the olive and fig,  
I'd sit all the day on the trolle-lol-loo  
And play on the thingee-ne-jig,  
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall,  
And what 's-it's-name's all that I crave—  
But bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,  
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave!  
*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"YES," he said, looking out from underneath the brim of his hat into the clear atmosphere, where he could apparently see various clues to past crimes flitting in the air, "I will undertake the case in the interest of humanity and \$14 per day." A pale man, who twirled an anxious mustache, said: "The case seems to me to be a very difficult one to unravel." The detective said, as he again looked into space, and pointed his finger at the man with the anxious mustache: "You say the deed was done at night, and the murder was not discovered until morning; there were four red hairs found near the body of the victim. I have every reason to believe the murderer wore blue overalls and was cross-eyed!" "But how do you account for that?" asked the pale man, looking into the detective's eyes for consolation. "Ah!" said the detective, "that remains a secret with the detective; that alone the detective can tell. Rely upon me; I will undertake the case."—*Puck*.

## AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK,

Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Centrally and Conveniently Located.

Open daily. Open Tuesday and Saturday evenings.  
Interest at 4 per cent. is declared on sums entitled, to 1st January. Accounts opened by 10th January will draw interest from 1st January.

### TRUSTEES:

Hon. HENRY H. VAN DYCK, late Bank Superintendent.  
William L. Strong, John Roach,  
Joseph W. Drexel, Walter S. Gurnee,  
Elliott F. Shepard, Richard A. McCurdy,  
Hon. John R. Brady, E. D. Morgan,  
Augustus D. Juilliard, Robert Lenox Belknap,  
Herman O. Armour, Isaac Newton Seligman,  
Hon. John D. Crimmins, Loomis L. White,  
William Irwin, Charles MacRae,  
Hon. Jacob Hess, Henry B. Barnes,  
Henry E. Russell, James A. Striker,  
Frederick Billings, Russell Raymond,  
William H. Fogg, Benjamin S. Walcott,  
Granville B. Smith.

## THE FINEST CLOTH OF GOLD

"Straight Mesh" Cigarette  
NOW READY.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

## CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address, C.F. GUNTHER, Confectioner.

78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

## "Common Sense" Lunch Room,

135 BROADWAY (cor. Cedar St.),

JAMES P. WHEDON, Manager.

THE  
GREAT AMERICAN  
TEA  
COMPANY

## GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address  
**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**  
P. O. Box 299. 81 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



I will never buy any but  
HARTSHORN'S ROLLERS  
And I will never sell any  
but HARTSHORN'S!

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Homes, Offices, &c.

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If you intend to sell your house, paper it,  
as it will bring from \$2000 to \$3000 more  
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Book on Decorations mailed free.

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MAKERS AND IMPORTERS,

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MESSRS. M. KNOEDLER & CO. invite  
attention to their fine collection of

Modern Oil Paintings,  
Water Color Drawings,  
Engravings,

and other art products suitable for  
Holiday presents.

The list of paintings comprises the  
works of all the best known artists of  
the day.

**GOUPIL GALLERY,**

OPEN EVENINGS.

## · LIFE ·

### 34<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL REPORT. **MANHATTAN** LIFE INSURANCE CO., 156 AND 158 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Net assets, Dec. 31, 1882.....\$20,265,632 60

#### INCOME FOR THE YEAR 1883.

Premiums received.....	\$1,008,421 55
Interest received on mortgage loans.....	170,516 29
Interest received on bonds own- ed by company.....	49,790 00
Interest received on other se- curities, rents, &c.....	407,321 35
Add interest and rents due and accrued.....	96,994 27
Premiums deferred and due and unpaid.....	131,921 64
Market value of stocks over cost	215,764 84
	2,080,729 94

Total.....\$12,346,362 54

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid claims by death, matured endowments, and payment of annuities.....	\$823,012 06
Paid dividends.....	236,122 47
Paid purchased policies.....	137,866 29
Paid salaries, office, agency, real estate, and other expenses...	138,347 12
Taxes.....	9,888 02
Medical department.....	8,349 32
Commissions and advertising...	121,593 03
	1,475,178 31

Balance.....\$10,871,184 23

#### ASSETS.

Cash on hand.....	\$3,935 93
Cash in bank and trust company.....	557,811 32
Bonds and mortgages secured by real estate worth double the amount loaned, and pro- tected by fire insurance policies held by the company.....	2,781,162 76
Loans on policies in force.....	1,286,745 76
(The legal reserve on the policies on which loans exist exceeds the amount of note on the same.)	
United States and New York State stocks, market value.....	1,392,810 00
Real estate at cost.....	962,895 94
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums de- ferred, and premium and interest in course of collection and transmission.....	137,921 64
Loans on stocks and bonds.....	3,656,906 61
(Market value of the securities, \$4,467,052.)	
Interest due and accrued and all other prop- erty.....	96,994 27
Gross assets.....	\$10,871,184 23

Adjusted claims not yet due....	\$101,382 00
Reported claims awaiting proof, &c.....	77,760 00
Dividends unpaid and other lia- bility.....	87,752 64
Reserve on existing policies es- timated by the New York rule.....	8,214,739 00
	8,481,633 64
Surplus by above rule.....	\$2,389,550 59

**HENRY STOKES, President.**

J. L. HALSEY, First Vice-President.  
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Invest \$10 for \$10,000 Accident Policy with  
\$50 Weekly Indemnity in the

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ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.**

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NEW YORK,**

and place it in your safe. Twenty-six dollars a  
year will carry this insurance and should misfor-  
tune overtake you in the way of fatal or disabling  
injury, there will never be cause to regret your  
forethought and prudence. European permits  
without extra charge.

## LENOX PENS.

A COMPLETE SERIES IN TWELVE NUMBERS  
From which every writer can select

### THE BEST PEN



For his or her peculiar style of Penmanship.

Sold by stationers ; or sent by mail, in gross boxes,  
postpaid, for \$1.00 per gross.

A TRIAL TRIP.—To enable you to test all the  
numbers of the series, we will send a compartment  
box containing one gross of Lenox Pens,—assorted,  
twelve each of the twelve numbers (144 pens), by mail,  
post-paid for \$1.00, or a handsome nickel-plated,  
covered case containing two of each number (24 pens)  
for twenty-five cents.

**TAINTOR BROS., MERRILL & CO.,**  
18 & 20 Astor Place, New York City.

## CHAMPAGNES OF BOUCHE FILS & COMPANY, WINE GROWERS, MAREUIL SUR-AY (Champagne).

BRANCH HOUSES: 23 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris ; 37 Beaver Street, New York.  
Are now shipping their Cuvees of 1878 Wines, the quality of which will make them rank among the  
finest ever imported into the United States.

**MAXIMUM, Very Dry.  
NAPOLEON'S CABINET, Extra Dry.  
DRY VERZENAY.**

FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE STATES.





A SOUVENIR FOR MR. ARNOLD.

Lest there may be complaints of the inhumanity of a system which would separate children from their parents, we will add that a Co-operative Delivery Wagon should be attached to every such nursery, in

which, at all seasons, the babe may be safely conveyed to its parents on summons by telephone. This wagon has its prototype in those now employed by a catering company of this city which are kept warm by steam in

winter and refrigerated in summer. It will be evident from this that the child can be served hot or cold, according as the parents may desire to rear it for a torrid or frigid climate.

In conclusion we can only call the attention of Mrs. Peirce to the originality of our suggestions, and ask for one acknowledgement thereof in the next edition of her admirable work.

DROCH.

### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"One by one the sands are falling."

O! and O! cried a merry maid,  
To-day I am just eighteen!  
And I am the fairest maiden  
That the world has ever seen!  
Of course I never can marry  
Anything less than an Earl,  
For it would be very wicked  
To cast before swine this pearl!

On a hot day: "Drink to me only with thine ice."

On the "Stranglers of Paris" man wants but little here Belot.

"BETWEEN you and me and the Post, I am tired of newspaper work."—Schurz.

A CHEMICAL definition applied to a follower of Voltaire: "The quantivalence of a radical depends on the number of its unsatisfied bonds."

### JANUARY.

O, MY! January, how you howl!  
And your clouds droop like a cowl  
O'er your cheeks;  
And you moan, and wail, and rave  
In a solitary stave  
Of mad shrieks.

R. E. J.

And besides, January, you have made my nose red and my eyes water, and you twisted my hair so that I look like a fright, and if you can't behave better, you need n't come over and play in our yard any more. *There, now!*

### A TRANS-CONTINENTAL EPISODE,

OR,

MATAMORPHOSES AT MUGGINS' MISERY:

A CO-OPERATIVE NOVEL.

BY

BRET JAMES AND HENRY HARTE.

### IV.

WHEN Cecil took so sudden and so unexpected a departure, he too had but one thought. "She called me One-Eyed Win," he constantly said to himself; "I must live up to the name. Never let me present myself before her until I can be all that her fondest dream might wish. If I rightly apprehend the case in all of its bearings I have but to lapse from the too-concrete back towards the elemental. I can do that, I guess."

He stopped; he bit his lip; he blushed with mortification. He looked around to see if he had been overheard. He had said "guess."

I do not broadly say that Cecil loved Calamity. He held, and properly enough, that all emotion was crude and all passion brutal; but he had an exquisite and highly-trained sense of the eternal fitness of things—of *les convenances*, as we say in France. His vivid imagination acting upon an organization most delicately and sensitively constructed—but it may be that I weary you. Let me simply say here, he perceived and expressed the full duality of a great potent reverse, the truth. "Travel makes the man," he said, "Travel has improved me; now it must unimprove me."



WITHIN A MONTH HE WAS SELLING RUBBER BOOTS TO THE BEDOUIN ARABS AND CORK INSOLES TO THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

But I must not neglect *les affaires*. My intellectual and pecuniary purposes must be made to gibe—"oh, *ciel!* not "gibe;" rather, "coincide."

Within a month he was selling rubber boots to the Bedouin Arabs and cork insoles to the Bashi-Bazouks.

V.

BY BOTH AUTHORS.

SUMMER at Muggins' Misery—if that can still be Muggins' Misery which bears not the least resemblance to the same locality as it existed a year back. The then dilapidated dwelling-house has blossomed out gaily in reds and browns and saffrons, and parades a brave array of dormer-windows and bed-posty piazzas. The once raw and sodden earth is covered with a neat expanse of trim turf, and is symmetrically set with tubs of close-cropped trees. Furthermore, it is adorned with a great net tightly drawn between two upright stakes, and enlivened with the antics of a company of white-flannelled young gentlemen, among whom the Red-top Jim and the Sassafras Charley of other days may be distinguished by a careful eye. For Muggins' Misery is *en fete* today (is that O. K., Henry?), and the peerless Ginevra Infelice holds court on her ancestral acres. The old man has been boxed up for the day, and no discordant element mars the serenity of the occasion.

Ginevra Infelice stands at the half-drawn door of her marquee-tent; she is the very picture of a gracious lady. She is robed in shining satin, a superb tiara of—yes, of—crowns her flaxen tresses, and ten-button kids adorn her shapely arms. She has been to a bankrupt sale, and she murmurs beneath her breath,





GINEVRA INFELICE STANDS AT THE HALF-DRAWN DOOR OF HER MARQUEE TENT.

"'T is better to be gloved at cost Than never to be gloved at all."

She has been reading Tennyson, too.

But what is her chief thought, after all? I will boil down a page of my justly-celebrated analysis and find that she is thinking of her Cecil. She holds a cablegram in her gloved hand, and, "He is coming, coming, coming," she softly sings in a throbbing threnody of joy. "And he shall find me ready." She glances about her. "Queen Anne; lawn tennis;—what shall move his heart if these things fail. But they'll not fail?" she concludes with vehement energy.

Heaven help her! She had been attending some parlor readings of Shakspeare.

She is remiss in none of the duties of hospitality, but hers are the first ears that hear the approach of clattering hoofs, and hers the first eyes that catch sight of the solitary horseman drawing nigh. ("Solitary horseman" is all right, Bret; quite in a family way.)

The newcomer draws up sharply before the Queen Anne hitching-post, and with a superb movement flings himself upon the ground. He is clad in a red shirt and a broad sombrero, his belt is stuck full of bowie-knives and revolvers. He advances toward the bar, flings down with a lordly air a fifty-rouble piece and a double handful of mixed Mongolian silver, and cries in a bold brash voice, "Gentlemen, the drinks is mine!"

Ginevra, spite his present guise, has recognized him. Faint and dizzy she clings to her tent door for support. And as he emerges from the house, wiping his moustache upon his elbow, he sees and recognizes her. One swift, mutual glance and then— and then—

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—A difficulty not altogether unforeseen here occurs! Our two authors are unable to agree upon a suitable termination; each wants to end the story in his own way. We can only print the two versions side by side; you pay your money and you take your choice.

Weep, weep, all weep; so near together, and yet as far apart as ever.

"Calamm!" he said, a thick sob choking his utterance.

"Cecil!" she moaned, and wrung her gloved hands.

"Oh!" she went on, "and is it thus we meet?" (She had been taking lessons in ballad singing.) "Must all our mutual sacrifices count for naught?—Heaven forbid. You have returned to me expecting to find me ready, and so you shall."

The fire of her aboriginal ancestors began to blaze in her dark eyes, and the rude speech of her unreclaimed childhood rose to her lips. "Strike up that there music!" she shouted to the Be-Joyful band encamped upon the lawn; "I'm going to peel off!"

In three quick yanks the work was done and the fine feathers of an effete civilization were stripped off and fluttered unheeded away. Beneath the sheeny satin appeared the old familiar calico, greasy and torn; from under the flaxen wig her midnight tresses once more came into view; the white gloves that concealed her dirty hands were for once and all cast aside; and the Calamity Jane of Chap. I., crying, "Whoop-la, pard! I'm all on deck!" flung her arms around her Cecil's neck.

Ready with the "tag" now and the "drop."

"Two of a kind, at last!" he remarked sententiously, and clasped her to his heart.

I do not invite your tears; I would rather be ambiguous than pathetic any day in the week.

At last they stood face to face—as a novelist of the old school would say.

"*C'est bien malheureux*," said Ginevra. Nowadays, when she wanted to place her embarrassments on other shoulders she used French.

"It's a d—d shame!" brutally blurted out the enraged and disappointed young man. (He had left his French accent behind and was obliged to use common English.)

"Fie, fie, for shame!" Such language before ladies! The question is, how is this extremely awkward state of affairs to be remedied? The concessions that I myself can make will be very slight. I have tasted the sweet delights of culture, and cannot renounce them now."

"Let the sacrifice, then, be mine," rejoined Cecil with the well-bred intonation that the word "culture" seemed to bring back to him. He cast aside his sombrero and began to pull his trousers out of his boot-legs.

"Desist, if you please," she said; "I dislike all scenes. Sweet are the sacrifices of love. Let the nobility of all this mutual anguish consist in a sweet and utter—ah—um."

"Do you mean to marry me, or not?" he cried in a voice of bewildered, agonized entreaty.

"*Cela dépend*," she murmured softly to the slow waving of her swan's-down fan.

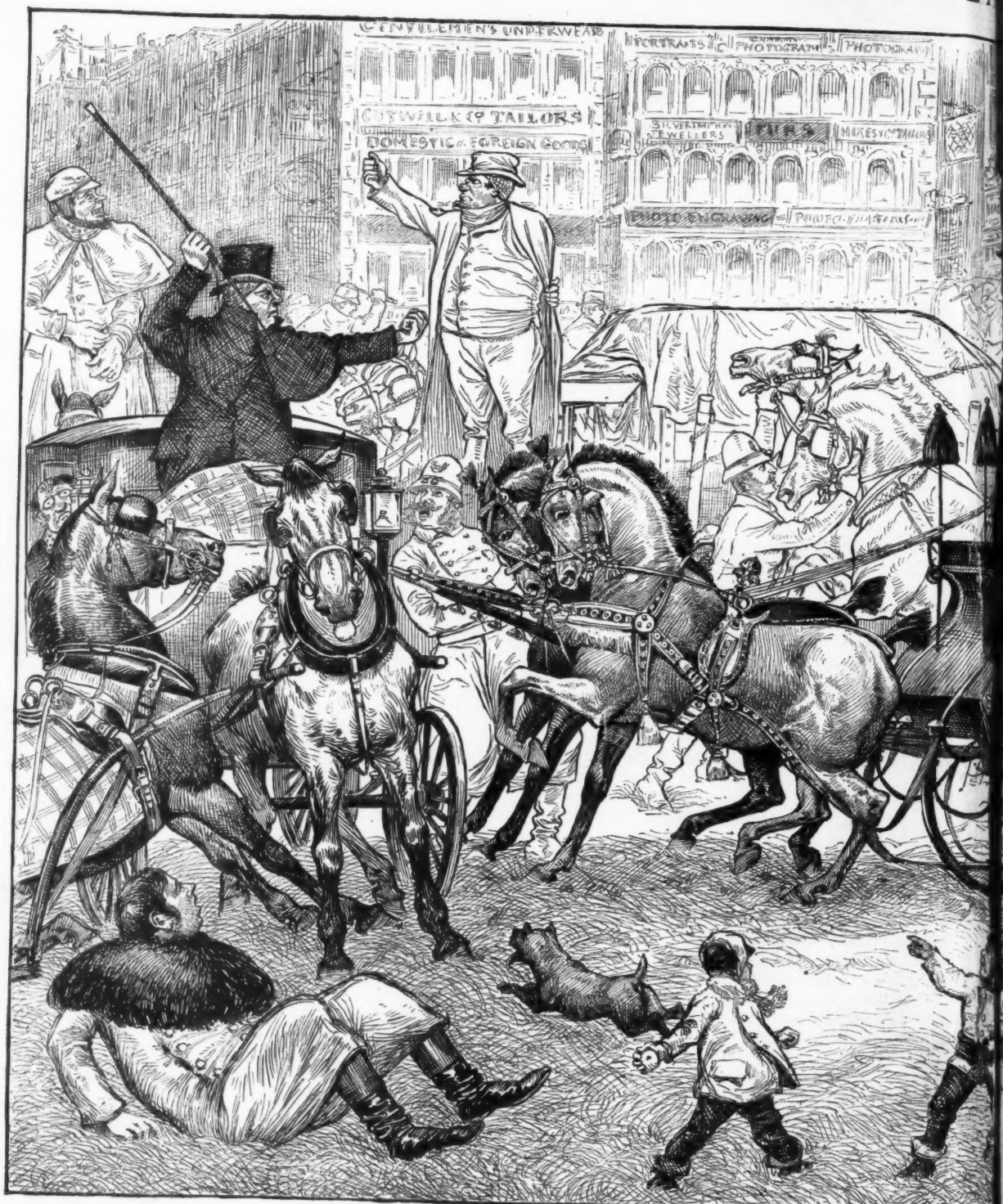
AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The continuation of this deeply interesting story will be furnished subscribers on application at my office, for their personal and confidential use. Also full analyses to accompany the present installment, which have been unavoidably crowded out.

B. F.



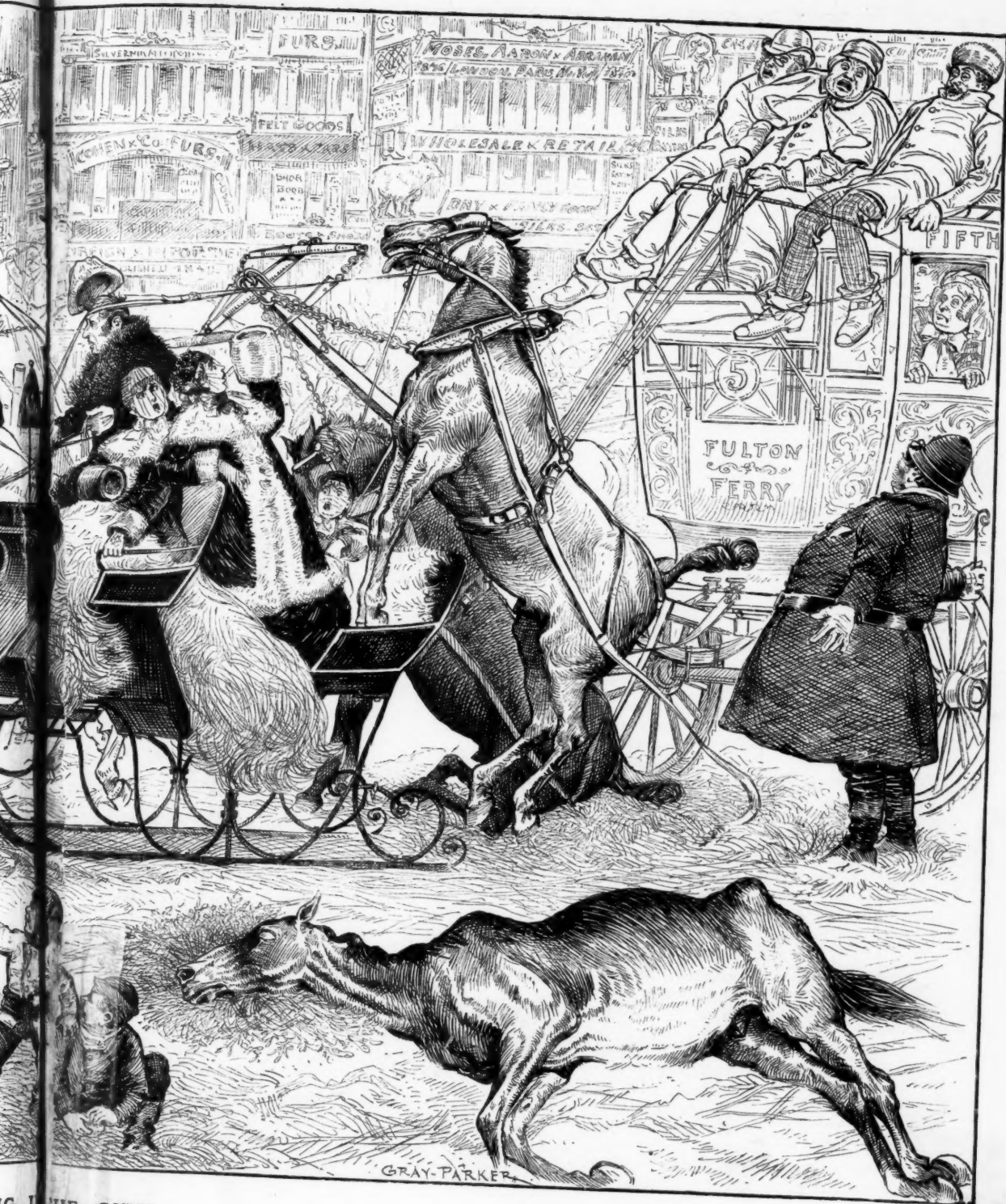
AND THE CALAMITY JANE OF CHAP. I., CRYING, "WHOOP LA, PARD! I'M ALL ON DECK!" FLUNG HER ARMS AROUND HER CECIL'S NECK.

A RUSSIAN Nihilist said recently that it was his ambition to be the "check reign" of the Russian Government. This is said to be the sentiment of the whole N. G.—Nihilist Gang.



SLEIGHING IN THE







## "IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN—SOCIETY."

I.

I DANCE three sweet, successive dances  
With one fair girl;  
She gives me most bewitching glances  
As round we whirl.

II.

We dance, we sup, we talk together;  
I did not know  
So interesting was the weather,  
So fair the snow.

III.

By chance next morning with her meeting,  
I bow my head.  
I might have spared my cordial greeting;  
She cuts me dead!

IV.

My senses quickly come together—  
And now I know  
How wretched is this beastly weather,  
How vile the snow!

ARISTOPHANES.

IT will bring comfort to many a sorrowing heart to know that Mr. Fitzgerald, in his "Essays on Self-Consciousness," asserts that "Love is but the clinging sense of mutual correlation for dependence." To translate into the vernacular for "correlation" read "admiration," for "dependence" read "ice-cream."

## OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS AND MR. RICHELIEU ROBINSON.

MR. ROBINSON has been foaming at the mouth again, and has arisen in Congress to inquire whether it be true that "Lord Lowell" kept an American citizen cooling his heels in an ante-room for an hour while his Lordship put on that undemocratic garment, a dress coat?



PLATE I.

banquets of effete potentates and mildewed aristocracy. Let the investigation be had, by all means,

and let the ministers be immediately recalled who have transgressed the law. Still, it will first be necessary that the Supreme Court of the United States shall construe the law, for it is not quite settled what the dress of an American citizen really is. It is the plain duty of Congress to settle by a resolution the proper dress of an American citizen, and to annex to the resolve a plate which will illustrate it.

To aid Congress in this important matter, it is LIFE's pleasure and duty to give a few plates of American costumes:

PLATE I.—*The American Statesman.*

Stove-pipe hat of the vintage of 1867, brushed the wrong way; long, double-breasted frock coat of shiny broadcloth (this must be covered with grease spots and innocent of a whisk - broom); low-cut vest and pants of same material; soiled shirt, dribbled with tobacco-juice; brass collar-stud in lieu of necktie\*; paste breastpin; cow-hide boots. (This costume may be, and commonly is, worn upon all occasions, and it may be slept in, boots and all, if desired.)

PLATE II.—*The Horny-handed Farmer.*

Blue overalls; cow-hide boots, which sing of the barn; old coat, bottle green; very bad hat; hair to be worn long and shaggy, and sprinkled with hay seed. (Picturesque and national.)

PLATE III.—*The Hibernio-American.*

Same as Plate I, with the addition of a broad, green sash across the belt and a green rosette with a gold

\* A white lawn necktie, if soiled, may be worn at state dinners.



PLATE II.



PLATE III.

harp across it in the left button-hole. (To be worn by the Minister to the Court of St. James.)



PLATE IV.

PLATE IV.—*The Drummer.*

Linen duster, fur collar, lavender pants; checked vest. (All to be scented with the odor of bad cigars.)

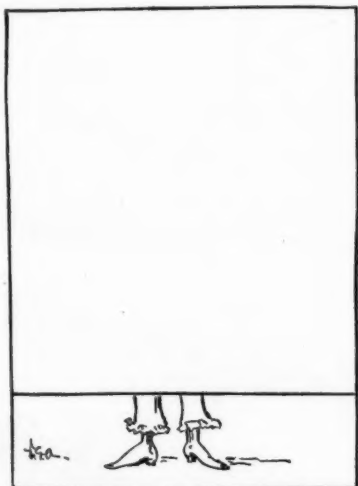


PLATE V.

PLATE V.—*The Dr. Mary Walker.*

Description unnecessary and improper.

As there are many million American citizens, of all sizes, tastes, colors, and previous conditions of servitude, one might give many more plates. It will be a comfort when Congress decides what the costume of an American citizen really should be.

## IDYLS OF BEACON STREET.

No. 2.

*Fiat justitia, ruat Salem.*

### CHAPTER I.

“WHO is he?”

Mrs. Vernon Bunkerill smiled as she heard her daughter, Theodosia Maude, ask this question. It was so purely Boston—so ancestral. She caught her impulsively to her heart, but instantly recovering her Salem self-possession, said calmly:

“Let us go to luncheon.”

Theodosia Maude hesitated a moment. “Do we have beans or ber-rd to-day, mummer?” she inquired, wistfully.

“Both, my darling, if you desire them,” said the indulgent mother, for the Bunkerills were able to gratify these simple tastes in their only child.

They were wealthy, but although this fact has been well known for years, it had not appreciably injured their social position.

### CHAPTER II.

DRYDITCH ST. BOTOLPH had just completed his twenty-fifth year. He had nobly fought his way from Deputy 3rd Assistant Substitute Full-Back in the Harvard Eleven, in charge of the lemonade pail, to Worthy Grand Magnifico and Custodian of the Black Ball in the Medfac. He had also slightly applied himself to the law—that is, he had a \$45 office on Court street, to which he intended going should he ever have a client.

By the death of his great-uncle he had inherited the acres in Salem, and that *retroussé* nasal expression, of which all the St. Botolphs were justly so proud.

He was therefore looked upon as a young man of great talent. Talent tells in Boston.

### CHAPTER III.

AFTER toying with her third plate of beans, and having fondled her second ber-rd, Theodosia Maude felt refreshed.

She was delicate, and wore No. 34 glasses, hence her diet, exclusive of Longfellow and Emerson, was light.

“Now, mummer,” she said, pushing back her chair and gazing dreamily at the pyramids of crumbs she had heaped up beside the ruins of the beanpot—“tell me, *who* is he?”

Mrs. Bunkerill was secretly pleased. But she gave no outward sign.

No true Bostonian ever does.

“Do you love him, then?” she asked, with studied indifference, but watching Theodosia Maude narrowly.

The beautiful girl threw back her head proudly. “How can I tell, mummer, until you have answered my question?”

“His parents, my dear,” said the gratified mother, “were born in New York.”

“New York?” exclaimed Theodosia Maud; “New York? Where is New York, mummer? Is—is it near Salem?” she asked, a faint blush creeping through the alabaster of her cheek, yet with a half tender Back Bay smile.

“No, my precious,” said the fond mother. “It is very, very far from Salem.”

“That settles it, then,” replied the girl, coldly selecting a toothpick from the *repousé* porcupine upon the table.

“But his mother’s father was a Van Wrestler,” pursued Mrs. Bunkerill, with that triangular smile characteristic of Bostonians when certain of ultimate success.

Theodosia Maud arched her brows slightly but spoke not.

“A Van Wrestler,” continued the happy mother. “And, I may add, *not* from the wrong side of the river.”

The young girl sat with downcast eyes, apparently intent upon her pick. Still with the sharp eyes of maternal love, Mrs. Bunkerill thought she detected a change. She went on placidly:

“His father, my dear, *was* from”—here she made one of those skilful pauses for which Boston mothers are so celebrated.



"I BELIEVE IN THE HORSE-SHOE THEORY," SAYS BOGGS, "EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GO BETTER; BUSINESS SEEMS BRIGHTER, YOU'RE MUCH HAPPIER."



BUT A SUDDEN LURCH OF THE STEP-LADDER SOMEWHAT MODIFIED HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

"Salem, mummer?" Theodosia Maude blushed as she said these words, and then, recollecting herself, sank breathlessly back into her chair.

"Yes, my own, from Salem," continued the delighted mother. "And e-nor-mously rich."

In another instant Theodosia Maude was clasped in her arms. "O, mummer," she whispered, rapturously, "I am so, so happy. And"—here she looked up shyly—"I can love him just as truly as though he were not wealthy—can't I—or rather"—here she blushed again—"can I not?"

"Yes, my love, you can, nay—you must. Let it not be said that your true heart turned from a good man because he happened to be a millionaire. But tell me—has—has he proposed yet?"

The noble girl looked straight into her mother's eyes. "I will not try to deceive you, mummer. He has not."

#### CHAPTER IV.

DRYDITCH ST. BOTOLPH, on the afternoon succeeding the stirring events narrated in the last chapter, dined at the Somersault Club. It is a way with Boston men when they have any important undertaking on hand. Then he smoked a cigar, while seated in the leather chair on the right hand side of the

bay window. His mind was made up. He arose and examined himself stealthily but carefully in the mirror. His hair was not sufficiently *négligé*. He gave it two wipes, four rubs and a pull, and it was becomingly tangled. Then he assumed his goloshes and silently glided down the hill, leaning to the proper angle as he swiftly rounded the curve.

Ten minutes later there was music in the ears of Theodosia Maude.

The door bell had been rung.

#### CHAPTER V.

"YOU must really ask Popper."

This was all she said.

But it was volumes.

#### CHAPTER VI.

AT eleven o'clock that same night Maltravers Papyrus sat in the Somersault Club, secretly sipping a pint of Cordon Rouge.

Maltravers Papyrus was frugal.

He had loved Theodosia wildly for thirteen years.

For eleven years he had been studying up his pedigree with a



view to providing her with comfort, at least, when they should be wed.

Seven of these years had been spent in tracing up the family history of the stepmother of his fourth cousin's great-uncle.

Love and perseverance had at last accomplished their work, and now his pent-up passion could no longer contain itself.

He determined to go on the following morning and declare his love.

Hitherto he had worshiped Theodosia Maude from afar off. It is a way Boston men have.

#### CHAPTER VI.

AT midnight precisely, Dryditch St. Botolph entered the Club with a firm step, and ordered a double golden buck for one. His eyes encountered those of Maltravers Papyrus.

Maltravers felt like slightly starting.

But he contained himself.

Still he knew that the die had been cast, and that Theodosia was another's.

#### CHAPTER VII.

SIX months later they were cutting cake at the Bunkerills. It was Theodosia's wedding-cake.

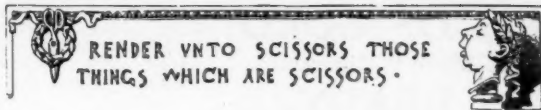
Her maiden aunt had made it with her own hands. Hence Dryditch St. Botolph knew it was rank poison. He sent a piece to Maltravers Papyrus at the Somersault Club.

But Maltravers never got it. He had committed suicide a month before. That is to say, he had moved to the South End. He was soon forgotten.

G. C.

THE death roll—The boarding-house biscuit.

A MAN with lots of "sand"—Dennis Kearney.



EGYPT is one thousand miles long and only six miles wide. Must look something like Sarah Bernhardt.—*Philadelphia Call*.

ROBERT SINICKSON, of Trenton, N. J., sends us a slip of his poem entitled "Pity the Poor Millionaire." It is a comfort to know that there is one man at least who pities us.—*Norristown Herald*.

A TEXAS steer was loose in the street of the West End, in Boston, the other day, and it is unnecessary to say more of the way things were going on. A sick man in the house heard the disturbance, and looking up wearily to his nurse, said: "I do wish that Harvard student would go home."—*The Present Age*.

THERE is one engagement in high life that appears to be off. Mary Anderson, at great expense, sends word over to the Associated Press that she will *not* marry the duke. The duke at equally vast expense, telegraphs that he will *not* marry Mary. Dr. Gilpin (is n't that his name?) telegraphs at the same outlay that Mary and the duke will *not* marry each other. The doctor pays for all these messages. The free "ad." goes booming around the papers. Mary remains Miss Anderson and the duke continues to be the duke with undiminished enthusiasm, and everybody is happy. What, ho! without there! Another row of chairs for the centre aisle!—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

AN old horse attached to a still older ash wagon was left standing on Larned street, west, yesterday, when the dumping of a load of coal started him off on the run. When the owner returned to the spot where he had left his rig, a boy informed him of what had occurred. "Ran away! Do you say my horse ran away?" "Yes, sir." "Did he strike into a gallop?" "He did." "And people were excited?" "Yes, sir. There was quite a crowd around." "And after he turned the corner he broke the wagon, you say?" "Smashed it all to pieces, sir." "Well, by George! I was off trying to find some one who'd give me \$10 for that horse, but now I won't take a cent less than \$25! Actually struck a gallop and ran away, eh? I believe I won't sell short of \$30!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

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"A BEAUTIFUL Woman's Suicide.—Dr. Potter's New Powers as Bishop.—The Rev. Mr. Kerr called to Philadelphia.—A Game of Poker on Brooklyn Heights.—Both Killed in a Street Fight."—This really looks like the skeleton of an interesting item, but it is only an excerpt from the New York Times' bulletin board of Jan. 25th.

"Do you know," said an infatuated youth to a young lady who preferred his room to his company—"do you know that the comet of 1812, now visible, is travelling away from us at the rate of many millions of miles a day?" "No, I didn't know it; but I wish a certain young man would imitate the comet and travel off at the same rate." He travelled—but not quite so rapidly as the comet.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE New Haven *Morning News* insists that advertising pays. In a late issue it says the following advertisement was printed in the *Morning News* a couple of days ago:

**BOY WANTED—GOOD REFERENCE** required: steady employment. Apply to  
G. D. R. HUBBARD,  
Printers' Warehouse, 379 State Street.

The *Morning News* received the following notice last night:

**BORN.**—In this city, January 4, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. R. Hubbard.

WHEN the ancient building on the corner of Washington and Bromfield streets was razed three years ago, there were thousands of Bostonians who sadly missed Loring's bookstore. Hundreds of professional and business men whose offices or counting-rooms are north of Franklin and Bromfield streets had for years called there daily to obtain their supply of current literature. Mr. Loring appeared smiling, and to all outward appearances as happy as ever in a store opposite the Boston theatre, but for many of his old customers he was too far out of their accustomed walk. All these will be glad to hear that he is coming back. On and after Feb. 1st he will be found in the new marble building just round the corner on Bromfield street, and A. K. Loring will be himself again as he hangs his magenta sign close by the spot where he won a world-wide reputation as a publisher and bookseller.—*Boston Paper.*

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Seven-Twenty-Eight

7-20-8.

Seven-Twenty-Eight

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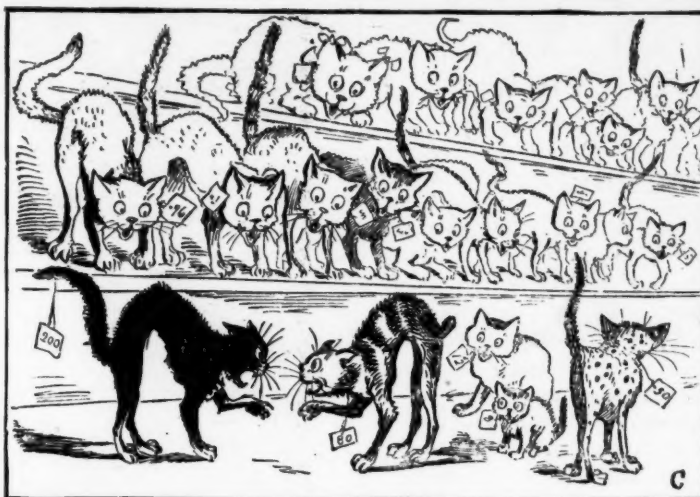


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## THE CAT SHOW.



### "THE STOUT CAT."

Cats that wander around the streets very late at night;  
Big cats, stout cats, cats that fiercely squall,  
Little kits that seem to be almost no cats at all;  
Maltese and tortoise-shells, and cats with green eyes;  
Fat cats, lean cats, and cats so wondrous wise;  
Speckled cats, striped cats, with coats sleek and nice;  
Sly cats, of rare skill at catching rats and mice;  
Bob-tailed, squirrel-tailed, bow-legged beasts  
Cats that make of stolen meat the most majestic feasts;  
Cats with fur like Buffalo, or hair fine as silk,  
And cats that fatten cheerfully on rich condensed milk.



### "VERY LATE AT NIGHT."



### "THE LEAN CAT."

You hit him with a shovel or a poker on his head,  
And leave him stretched upon the ground, appearing to be dead;  
Soon he gathers up himself and calmly walks away,  
And goes to play with other cats and spend a happy day.

What a strange, elastic beast our ordinary cat!  
Drop him from the house-top and you'd think he'd fall flat;  
See him light so gracefully, on all his four feet,  
And scamper like a lightning flash away down the street!  
Whatever woful accidents this animal befall,  
You can't hurt a Thomas-cat by any means at all.

On knocks and blows and kicks and cuffs the creature simply thrives,  
For every cat, as well is known, has just nine lives.



But, oh! how different it is with us poor mortal men!  
For accidents befall us, no matter how or when.

And sad it is to study with what immense facility  
A healthy man becomes a case of total disability!

We stumble unexpectedly on bricks or paving stones,

And dislocate our elbow-joints or badly break our bones;  
Sometimes knocked in the water from overloaded boat,  
Or sometimes tossed by angry bull, or horned by billy-goat,  
Sometimes, alas! we find ourselves with bruised or broken head,  
Confined at home for weeks or months and stowed away in bed;

And then, in pain and suffering, what wondrous comfort is it

To have the consolation of a pleasant weekly visit

Of the man with fifty dollars from the ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Who comes to keep our courage up and help our brave endurance.

Then just ten thousand dollars, on the U. S. Mutual plan,  
Awaits the stricken widow of the thrifty, prudent man



### "CATS THAT FATTEN CHEERFULLY."

Who, killed by sad disaster, was thoughtful to provide  
Cash comfort for his family in time, before he died.



### "DROP HIM FROM THE HOUSETOP."

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